



Some People Pray As If They Believed In Prayer; and Act As Though They Didn't!

SOCIAL CORNER POEMS.

Have a Heart.
By George Willard Bonte.
He was such a grimy little dog, his coat besmeared with clay;
No collar and no license did he wear.
For they are canine luxuries for which one has to pay;
And this little rascal had no change to spare.
He was standing in the gutter in a vague, uncertain way.
Some boys had chased him out into street.
"If I could only find a bone," his brown eyes seemed to say,
"Or anything at all a dog could eat."
Just then a covered wagon with a screen door at the rear
Dropped a big and burly man upon the spot.
And the hungry little beggar felt his heart contract with fear—
The fear that very soon he might be caught.
And as he stood there whimpering he looked into my face.
What misery I saw depicted there! For man is so created that he generally can trace
In brute, the signs of gladness or despair.
Then earnestly and stoutly for the little life I sued
As I placed the shivering form beneath my coat.
I never will forget the look of canine gratitude
That caused a lump to form within my throat.
And now he wears a collar and a license night and day.
A friend indeed I've made who will not fail.
No matter how I treat him or what I do and say,
To wag in gratitude his stubby tail.

Add to Your Faith Virtue.

The man of virtue, Romans say,
Is he who, masterful and strong,
Can keep a newer, better way,
Can lift a sweeter, happier song.
It is not simply to be good,
A state of child-like innocence,
But courage, be it understood,
The antidote of impotence.
A courage that forewarns the race
The doom inevitable of law,
Annulled, defied, from motives base,
To fill with more Mammon's maw.
A courage that beholds afar
The coming dignity of man,
And sees undimmed Love's beaming star,
That guides the forward marching van.
A courage that sees through the cloud,
Although beset by dangers grave,
The ship of state, serene and proud,
Leap over every boisterous wave.
A courage that will laugh to scorn
The sneer and hiss of bald pretense,
That rescues thousands lowly born,
And lifts an arm in their defense.
A courage that upholds the right,
Yields not because of pain or loss;
Though priests condemn, and monarchs smile,
Quails not before the rack or cross.
This is the courage Latins meant,
The virtue all men should possess,
Akin to power, omnipotent,
The world to lift and save and bless.
J. M. CAVANESS,
Chanute, Kas.

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I am sending a few recipes for gooseberries:
Gooseberry Preserves—Stem and wash the berries, put them into a preserving kettle, add water to cover and boil them until they are tender, but not until the skins burst, add as much sugar as there is fruit. Stir the mixture until it is a rich amber color. Seal the preserves in pint jars, or pour them into family jelly glasses. Cover them with melted paraffine. Use care to prevent scorching.
Gooseberry Marmalade—Stem and wash the berries, put them into a preserving kettle containing enough water to cover the bottom, and mash them thoroughly. Boil them over a slow fire until they begin to soften, and add as much sugar as there is pulp and boil the mixture slowly twenty minutes longer. Then pour the marmalade into family jelly glasses and cover it with melted paraffine.
Gooseberry Conserves—Wash three quarts of gooseberries and boil them until they burst, then add two quarts of sugar, one quart, or less if preferred, of ground pineapples and one pound of raisins chopped fine. Boil



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we thought the levellest part of the day.
On and on we went up-hill and down dale, passing Galloway Hill where the fine inscription over the entrance was partially hidden by the foliage of the trees. At Ox Hill we had a beautiful view of the city and its surrounding country.

Going through Mohegan park the woods had a wonderful charm for us, and Uncle Charlie gathered some wild flowers for us. When we reached the sight of the lovely rose arbor (I call it a dream or an inspiration) in the mind of the one who planned and perfected his inward vision.

As we speeded along, to add to our excitement, two large dogs ran a race with auto, barking furiously as they ran.

We saw in the field pretty deer grazing in the center of the park. In an enclosure was a beautiful blue necked peacock, who, as he strutted, the manager slowly spread its beautiful tail, the outer feathers touching the ground on either side, the whole taking the form of a huge fan, and the eyes in each feather with their changeable colored feathers making a wonderfully beautiful picture. Then at a quick command from the manager slowly raising its feathers like closing a fan, uttering cries, as if it had finished what it was required to do.

We then turned towards home, having enjoyed the nice ride, and lovely scenery to our heart's content.
Uncle Charlie is living up to the Golden Rule:
"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

GREAT AUNT PHENA.
CANNED A BUSH OF PEAS.
Dear Social Corner Sisters: What fine weather we are having!
I suppose the Sisters are busy canning. I canned a bushel of peas last Saturday.

I wrote a few weeks ago but my letter must have been lost, as I have not seen it in the paper, so thought I would try again.
M. E. B.

A SOCIAL CORNER PICNIC.
Dear Social Corner Sisters: Club No. 1 is to have a picnic Thursday, July 21, at Wildwood park, in the town of Killingly, between Putnam and Danielson.

All members of the Social Corner and their friends are cordially invited to be present. Basket lunch as usual. If stormy Thursday, come the next day. The electric stop at the park. We are looking forward to a very good time. All come. Don't disappoint us.

MEMBER OF CLUB NO. 4.
PLAY CLOTHES FOR YOUNGSTERS
Dear Corner Sisters: First I wish to thank The Bulletin for yellow slip which again last month floated on my way.

I am sending a little article on play clothes for youngsters. Though rompers and creepers for infants and young children are by no means new, the new models are so attractive in design and handwork that they seem new, and certainly can no longer be considered as "old fashioned" and uncomfortable. Although they are, first of all, useful, as most children of the time, with their care in planning and attention to detail, it is possible for the little tots to be as smartly dressed as when they were really dressed up.

Little creepers can be used especially for creeping babies. They can be slipped on very easily and quickly. They are just the thing to save the dainty garments of the mother from coming soiled as baby crawls or hitches about. Crash toweling is a very good material to use and can be worked with a needle and thread, or with a sewing machine. Linen or gingham can also be used if preferred.

Simple stitches, or a bit of outlining, or cross-stitching. Checked gingham and figured materials which are sufficiently colored may have buttonholes, edges, as of black and white; or bias bindings or bands may be used as a pretty finish.

If one is to judge by the styles, little children and even the babies are to be no longer confined to whites, broken only by touches of pink, blue, or yellow. There has been the rule, for many of their new little belongings come now made up in the daintiest of greens, grays, yellow and hellos, or in solid color. They are not much different, but their charm lies in the dainty touches and handwork which makes each little garment vie with its neighbor for effect.

Tokes, collars and cuffs may vary to suit the fancy, but each must have its bit of handwork, whether embroidery, crocheting, tatting or featherstitching. White cotton crepe is another good material to use, it is so easily laundered, and can be trimmed with contrasting colors.

CRIMSON RAMBLER.
KENNETH'S FOURTH OF JULY.
Kenneth was awakened early by Grandma Brown on this much looked forward to and talked of morning.

Kenneth, brown as a berry, from his stay of a month with Grandma and Grandpa Brown on beautiful Meadowbrook farm leaps out of bed, for he has fireworks for the evening sent him by Papa and Mamma. And firecrackers, paper caps, etc., for this morning to say nothing of the flags to get out by way of decorations.

With all this in his mind Kenneth scrambled into his clothes and was soon downstairs, almost too excited to eat the breakfast, which Grandma insists he must.

He soon had the flags out and the bonfires in which to put the fireworks. Kenneth was a busy man as he kept grandpa and grandma stirring round until house and yard were well trimmed.

Then he settled to the evening's work. Grandma prepared the promised picnic dinner, some of which is to be cooked over a campfire.

Soon the basket was packed and we start, one carrying the basket, another cushions, etc., and Kenneth with his wheelbarrow in which he has a cart wood for the fire while grandpa keeps the pot boiling.

Across the road and through the cow pasture to the great water tank where many picnic dinners of the family have been held, we wended our way.

Upon reaching its welcome shade we deposited our baskets, pails, and cushions in various convenient places and proceeded to lay out the good things upon the large flat rock that is just right for a table and one would think it had been put there providentially for that purpose. Kenneth was dancing about between his trips

for wood, excited and happy, and the fire, and the dinner begins. There was cold meat, cottage cheese, lobster, peas, potatoes and then pie, such as only grandma can make; and lemonade, too! And Kenneth could drink all he wanted. What bliss! What an appetite we all have, and who wouldn't have with such a beautiful spot to eat in, and such a cooling breeze.

After the dinner was cleared away and the dishes packed, Grandpa took a nap while grandma read to us. A few hours later with grandma looking on, grandpa touches off roman candles, sparklers, bunches of firecrackers, etc.

Kenneth, with a sparkler in his hand, runs around until "old Bobbie," the horse, with neck arched and ears erect, looks askance, and seems undecided whether to "kick up his heels" or to stay and see the fireworks all gone. Kenneth, a tired but happy boy is put to bed long after the usual hour by kindly, patient "Drum-ma."

AURELIA PURSE.
UNCLE CHARLIE HAS DRIV OUT.
Dear Social Corner Folks: I've been a looker in the "Incidents in Society" column of The Bulletin to see if me and Rebecca was home, yet! However, Rebecca says I'll know it before the corn is hoed and the hay is in.

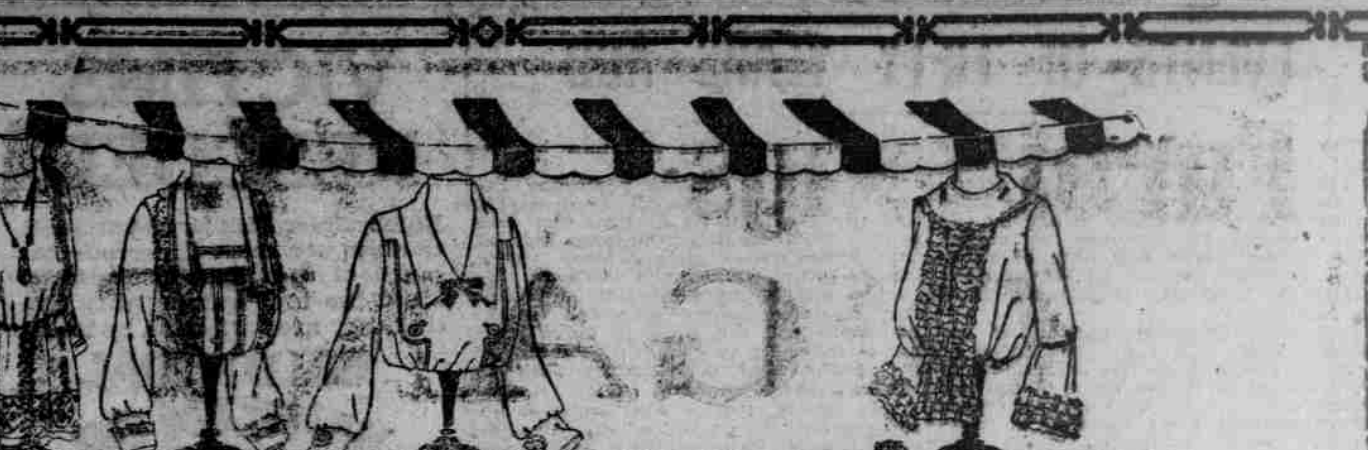
The weeds didn't take no vacation when I did.
Want that kind of Sarah Ann Tighe to say such nice things about me and Rebecca. Of course, it ain't all gospel truth any more, but I believe they enjoyed it. I stopped and took some more down that there Millinery Highway. We saw some of those ships what catch all the fish for Uncle Sam's navy. I believe they caught them submarines. I'm a little def, and didn't hear all the feller was a tellin' the ladies; but he said they go down clean out of sight and fetch up any kind of fish they want.

That road is a nice one and worth tryin' if I ain't never been over it. It took me back to a good many years ago when I rode over it back of a white horse, and want particular about that speed.

When hayin's done I'll have more time and will be pleased to take any other shut-ins or sick folks, or anyone who ain't never rode in an automobile, and wants to.

One woman said she thought I was a woman, but I ain't! I'm a man between the age of 30 and 35.

UNCLE CHARLIE.
Shelton.—Cards have been received in this city announcing the marriage of Aaron R. Smith, a wealthy retired manufacturer of this city, and Miss Florence Fanny Fargo July 16th in Germantown, Pa. Mr. Smith was connected for many years with the International Silver company. The groom was a widower and the bride was his former housekeeper.



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GALES FERRY

Gustave F. Bohman, field secretary of the Connecticut Temperance Union who spoke in the M. E. church here the last Sunday in June, was a caller Monday on Rev. O. E. Newton, and Mrs. Newton at the parsonage, while en route to Lehigh Valley.

Friends of Mrs. Richard Borden Ames here, received the announcement of the marriage of her daughter, Elizabeth Baker, and William Henry Le Count, the twelfth of July, at Danvers, Mass. Ames, her daughter, Miss Bessie and son, Richard, have spent many summers here, where they have relatives.

A party of twelve from Norwich enjoyed a house warming at the new cottage of James Hayes of Norwich, recently completed on the lot formerly known as the Porter property, east of the New Haven railroad, near the village of Bluff.

Commander Guy Davis and Mrs. Davis have as their guest, Mrs. C. A. Matherne of Los Angeles, an aunt of Mrs. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden and family of Montclair, N. J., are recent arrivals at the cottage of Mrs. E. J. Balcom of the Bluff.

Miss Sarah T. Latimer spent Tuesday and Wednesday at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Edwin Kenney, of New Bedford.

Eugene Phillips of Worcester, Mass., was a caller Tuesday on his relatives, Mrs. Franklin H. Brown, of Redford cottage, and Mrs. H. C. Aldrich, of The Pines.

G. W. Shaw of Bradford, R. I., was a recent guest of Station Agent F. A. Faford.

Mrs. Emma S. Bennett and little granddaughter, Em-Beth Bennett, left Wednesday evening for Norwich. From Norwich they went by automobile Thursday for six weeks' stay at the home of Mrs. Bennett's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Byron A. Maynard, of Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Aldrich, of The Pines, have been taken during her absence by Frederick A. Metts of New York.

Master Franklin E. Brown of Southington, is a visitor at the summer home here of his grandfather, Coroner Franklin H. Brown.

Miss Agnes Secor of Watertown, N. Y., her aunt, Mrs. J. Parker Yaugle of Washington, D. C., and E. R. Willard of Watertown, arrived in her car last week to spend some days at the summer home in the village of Secor's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rindom.

An auto party that arrived at the parsonage to visit Rev. O. E. Newton and Mrs. Newton Wednesday numbered Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Cleveland and their daughter, Miss Hazel and son, Walter, Jr., of Boise, Idaho, with Leslie Newton of Boston, Mr. Cleveland and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Buckingham of the village, an old relative at Eastern Point, returned to New York after a vacation of two weeks.

RICHMOND

William Wood is at his home in Slocum, on thirty days' furlough. Fred Austin and Gertrude Young of Arcadia, were callers at Tel. Hill, on Sunday.

As Everett Moore and son, Philip, were coming from Kingston Friday, an automobile was coming in the opposite direction at good rate, and when they turned over the Moore auto turned over. This damaged the car but the passengers were not injured. The accident shook them up and bruised Mr. Moore's arm and leg.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Smith were in Providence recently. Leonard Joslin and son of Exeter were callers through here Wednesday. The rainfall of Wednesday was a great help to the crops.

Ralph Moore who is working in Lakewood, was home Sunday. Mrs. George Palmer, formerly of this town, who has lived in the Rhode Island hospital, undergoing an operation. In many places blue berries are very scarce.

In after years a courtship may be converted into a battle ship.

Real Opportunities ARE TOO RARE THESE DAYS

to let them slip through your fingers. If you are going to need any Furniture this Fall, now is your opportunity to save at least 30 per cent. All factory prices on Furniture have advanced 25 to 50 percent, within the last 90 days. We anticipated this big advance in prices and bought a big stock of all kinds of Furniture and Floor Coverings before the prices advanced. We not only filled our store to its capacity, but we rented additional warehouse space and filled that, too. As a result, we have a big stock bought at old prices, and as long as our present stock lasts we are going to give our customers the benefit of our early buying. Neglected opportunities reflect upon your good judgment.

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